First Time

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First Time

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Adam wants to lose his virginity

Notes

Note: Could potentially read Nigel as a bit ableist at the beginning, or at the least, having not been exposed to neuro-divergent people before.

PLEASE NOTE: This fic refers to Asperger's Syndrome which is no longer used and might be considered outdated and offensive. This reference is made as it is directly quoted from the movie Adam (2009), throughout which this terminology is used on which this fic is based. Moving forward I will not be using this language in fics featuring Adam Raki or other characters on the Autism Spectrum.

Nigel couldn't deny that he was somewhat curious about his downstairs neighbour. The young man had a shy smile and an odd way about him. He heard other people talking in the building that the kid's dad had died and that he had some kind of special needs. But every time he'd passed him in the hall, Nigel hadn't gotten the sense there was anything *wrong* with him.

In fact, one time he'd found him sitting on the front steps, reading something on his laptop and he seemed super smart. When Nigel had said hi, the kid had replied something almost incomprehensible about space and some satellite and had excitedly told Nigel all about it. And Nigel hadn't understood a damn word, but he'd loved the way the kid's face had lit up.

So he'd stopped and listened and made encouraging noises, until the kid ran out of steam and then seemed embarrassed about having gotten carried away. Nigel had told him he had no need to feel that way and had been rewarded by a small, uncertain smile. He'd asked if the kid needed anything from the store and he'd shook his head. He was gone by the time Nigel returned, and he couldn't help but feel a bit bummed out about that.

Nigel huffed at the memory, lit his cigarette and headed down the stairs with his laundry basket.

Not the most glamorous use of a Friday night, but since moving to New York and going legit, Nigel had become something of a homebody. He didn't like the temptation of being out in the evenings, and weirdly, he didn't miss it. He liked sitting down with a book or TV show, smoking and drinking the nice whiskey that was his little treat to himself for being a good boy.

When he got down to the laundry room he almost dropped his fucking cigarette into his basket when he saw it was already occupied by his neighbour.

The kid was wearing next to fucking nothing, his smooth chest peeking through a suit jacket. He looked unbelievably sexy, and clearly with no effort at all. Nigel felt his dick twitch and moved his basket in front of him. Last thing he needed was to get the horn for his sweet neighbour and cause issues with the living situation.

“Hey neighbour,” He greeted as he carried on into the small room. “Laundry day, huh?”

The kid looked at him and blinked. “Um, I’m still trying to set a new routine.” He finally said before turning back to the machine he was using and setting it going.

Nigel winced, wondering if he meant a new routine since his dad had died, but he wasn’t about to ask. So instead he just went to the next machine and started loading his own things.

“It’s Friday night, you don’t have other plans?” Nigel tried to make conversation.

The kid’s nose twitched and screwed up a little, his eyes focusing for a moment on Nigel’s cigarette before looking back down to his laundry.

“You’re not supposed to smoke in here.”

“Oh, um, is it bothering you?” Nigel took the cigarette and stubbed it out on the soul of his shoe, realising that the kid’s eyes were tracking him but then remained downcast when he looked back up.

“I, um. I don’t mind. It’s a strange smell but I find it pleasant,” A frown as the kid spoke. “But it’s the rules. You’ll get a warning from the Super.”

“Oh, sure. Well, thanks for the heads up.” Nigel turned and rested back against his machine.

“Any more news on that satellite thing? The one you told me about a couple of weeks ago?” Nigel ventured. He wasn’t just making small talk, he really was interested. Not about the satellite itself, so much as how the kid felt about it. He wanted to see that smile again. And he got his wish.

Brief eye contact, a smile, and then the kid was looking at some point on the wall behind Nigel as he started to update Nigel on exactly what was happening with that satellite and the pictures it was taking of Saturn.

After a whole load of words that Nigel still didn’t fucking understand, the kid stopped, took a breath and then asked hopefully, “Are you interested in space?”

Nigel smiled, and answered honestly, “You know, I’m not sure? I’ve never really thought about it before. Never really knew much about it. But I really like hearing you talk about it.”

The kid drew in a sharp breath and his cheeks heated. He bit on his lower lip and rocked for a moment as though trying to work out what to say next. And what he said was -

“I’m Adam. Adam Raki.”

“Nigel,” He replied, holding out his hand. Adam hesitated for a moment and then took it. Nigel shook his hand and murmured, “Nice to meet you.”

Adam pulled his hand back and nodded then looked away again.

Okay, so the kid was definitely quirky. Reminded Nigel a little of his friend Darko’s brother who had some kind of ADHD, didn’t focus much on things. But not like this. This was something different, and Nigel wasn’t phased in the least.

For a moment it seemed like Adam was going to say something else, but then the dryer dinged and a moment later Adam was pulling his clothes out and into his own basket.

“I have to go now.” He told Nigel and then left without even a backwards glance.

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“Hello, gorgeous,” Nigel smiled and then attempted to keep the smile in place after having said something that came so natural to him but might not be something Adam was comfortable with.

He was on his way out to meet some work friends for drinks, and Adam was just letting himself into his apartment. And perhaps Nigel had sped up a little on the stairs when he’d realised that, in order to say hello.

“Hi Nigel,” Adam replied, fiddling with his keys in a way that Nigel might have called nervous, but he had the sense that it wasn’t the case for Adam. This was just how he was.

“Have you had a good day?” Nigel asked, finding himself eager to engage Adam in more conversation.

And at that question Adam’s face lit up and Nigel’s heart skipped a beat.

“Do you know about the racoons in Central Park?” Adam asked.

“No, no I don't. I’ve never seen a racoon. We don’t get much call for them in Romania.” Nigel replied, leaning casually against the wall next to Adam’s door. “Have you just been in the park?”

“Yes.”

“It’s… Isn’t it closed right now?”

“Yes.”

Nigel’s smile widened and he couldn’t help a chuckle. “Breaking into the park? Bit of a bad boy on the quiet, huh?”

Adam seemed unsure how to respond, but then added quickly, “I can take you to see them sometime, if you’re interested?” There was no nervousness there, and no overeagerness. Just a friendly offer, that Nigel wasn’t going to turn down.

“Sure, I’d like that.”

“Okay,” Adam smiled and nodded and then finally opened his door.

“Okay.” Nigel replied, pushing off from the wall and knowing he should go and yet finding it hard to leave.

“Nigel,” Adam said, looking back as he stepped into his apartment. “You said you like hearing me talk about space.”

“Yeah, I did.” Nigel smiled, “I do.”

“Um, come in, come in…” Adam invited.

Nigel followed Adam into his apartment just as Adam turned off the lights and some other lights came up. The room was lit up like space, almost black other than all the stars.

Nigel sucked in a breath, he’d never seen anything like this before. “Fuck!”

“You, um, you said you want to know more about space.” Adam started, turning to Nigel, eyes meeting his as though waiting for a sign to continue. So Nigel gave a curt nod. “Because it looks like this people think of it as still, even though we know it's expanding. All parts of the universe
are moving away from one another most of them faster than the speed of light, except for-”

Adam stopped and Nigel thought he must have realised the way Nigel was watching him with complete awe.

“I’ve been talking too much,” Adam frowned.

“No, this is. It’s fucking amazing, I’m just-” Nigel wanted to explain how blown away he was by the whole thing. Who the hell had a planetarium in their New York apartment? Adam Raki was like some sort of fucking enchanted prince!

“I talk too much when I get excited.”

“No, Adam. It’s amazing. You’re-” Nigel cut himself off. He probably shouldn't be getting over friendly with the young man. He was trying to keep his nose clean and getting involved with some bright eyed youngster was a definite no-no.

He wasn’t sure if Adam caught what he was about to say or not but Adam smiled all the same. Then his brow creased and he struggled to get a few words out.

“Sometimes it's hard for me to-” Adam started, “I have this thing that makes it hard to, um- to a-” Adam looked away. “It's called Asperger's syndrome. And one thing about it is not knowing what people are thinking.”

“Oh, okay.” Nigel replied, a few cards falling into place. He’d have to look up exactly what this thing was but now he had a name for whatever it was that was going on with Adam.

“I like you, Nigel. I like that you say what you mean.” Adam’s lips ticked up a little at the corners even though he wouldn’t meet his eyes again. “I had to learn, growing up, what other people are thinking. With you, it isn’t so difficult.”

Adam’s smile broadened a little and so did Nigel’s in response.

“I’m glad.” Nigel replied, taking a seat on Adam’s sofa. Adam took a seat next to him and continued to tell him about the universe.

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“Adam?” Nigel was surprised to see the kid at his door. Surprised but also fucking delighted to be honest. He’d barely seen him around all week and after looking up autism, he understood a little more about how private Adam was and didn’t want to intrude on his space.

“Can I come in?” Adam asked softly, looking down at his shuffling feet.

“Of course, gorgeous,” Nigel replied, worried as he moved aside to let Adam in.

Adam looked around for a moment, taking in Nigel’s apartment before turning back to him. Nigel closed the door and frowned.

“Is something wrong? Are you okay?”

Adam frowned back but didn’t look at him as he replied, “I want to lose my virginity.”

Nigel was glad he hadn’t been drinking anything at that moment as he’d have choked.

“Um, okay. You want me to help? Like… give you dating advice or something?”

Adam shook his head, “No, I want to have sex with you.”

“Fuck!” Nigel couldn’t help spitting the word out and running a hand roughly over his face before looking back at Adam. “Shit, Adam. I don’t think… I mean, there are surely… And I’m much fucking older than you!” Nigel couldn’t get the words out fast enough. The ones he knew he should say, the protests he should make despite his cock swelling in his pants.

He hoped Adam didn’t notice.

“How old are you?” Adam asked matter-of-factly.

“I just turned forty. Way too old to be having sex with twenty year olds!” Nigel protested again and wanted to mean it. Wasn’t like he hadn’t fooled around with people younger than him before. But there was something about Adam. Something he didn’t want to corrupt.

Maybe as much for himself as for Adam. He wouldn’t have been so hesitant back in Bucharest. But he was trying to be a good man. As good a man as he’d ever manage at least.

“Nigel, I’m thirty one.” Adam chuckled and then became more serious. “And I want to have sex. I’d prefer to have sex with someone I know and feel comfortable with. But if-”

“Shit. No, wait.” Nigel interrupted. “I don’t want you to go off and get yourself into some kind of trouble.”

“I’m not a child, Nigel. I can look after myself.”

“I know, Adam. Sorry, I’m just… I don’t want you to do that.”

“Because you want to have sex with me.” It didn’t even sound like a question.

“Adam,” Nigel groaned, wanting to deny it.

“Are you excited? Sexually I mean.” He paused then looked up at Nigel with big blue eyes, “Because I am. And I... I can’t tell what you’re thinking right now.” Adam frowned and Nigel ached at the thought of being so unreadable to him.

Nigel had read about it, what Adam had said before about having to ask people what they were thinking. Mind blindness, it was called, and Nigel hated he was making Adam feel that way.

“Do you want to have sex with me?” Adam asked.

“Yeah. I really fucking do.” Nigel breathed out the admission.

Adam’s frown relaxed, melting into a smile, “I hoped so. I really wanted to have my first time be with a friend. With you.”

Nigel blinked. He couldn’t believe they were having such a casual conversation about Adam’s virginity. About them having sex!

His dick throbbed.

“Um, when? I mean, when should I… or do you want to come here?” Nigel stammered the words, nervous in a way he rarely was. Nervous in a way Adam had reduced him too.

“Would you like to now? I just had a shower and I thought about you whilst I-”

“Fuck, kid!” Nigel cut him off and gestured for Adam to sit on the sofa. Which he promptly did.

Nigel crossed the room, pressing a palm to his forehead whilst he walked, trying to take a moment to get his head about what was happening.

“Did I do something wrong?” Adam asked.

“Fuck, no. No, not at all.” Nigel turned and smiled, glad to see the slight crease in Adam’s forehead ease in response.

“Have you had sex with men before?” Adam asked, again so matter of fact that it was both endearing and unnerving.

Nigel swallowed. “Yeah, a few. Not for a while though.”

Adam nodded, thoughtful.

“Should I… penetrate you? Or do you want to penetrate me?” Adam asked.

Nigel felt like his brain might explode, possibly his balls too. “Fuck. Adam.” Nigel groaned and palmed his dick to try and ease the ache there.

Adam’s eyes flicked to Nigel’s obvious erection and he let out such a soft sigh that Nigel wanted to hold him and never let him go.

“I think I’d like you to penetrate me, when I’ve done it with my fingers, it’s been very nice.” Adam was a little breathless as he spoke and got to his feet, stopping in front of Nigel.

Nigel found himself nodding, “Anything you want, gorgeous.” He muttered, moving a hand up to stroke Adam’s arm. “How do you like to be touched, darling?”

“Um, I don’t know. I like to tug on my testicles whilst I masturbate.”

Nigel let out another groan, his own balls aching. “I mean, do you like this?” Nigel asked as he moved his hand to stroke over Adam’s barely there stubble.

Adam let out a soft sigh and leaned into the touch, “Yeah, t-that’s okay.”

“And this?” Nigel pulled him closer so that his hard cock was pressed against Adam’s hip and he could feel Adam was hard as well.

“Mhm,” Adam bit his lower lip and nodded.

Nigel was panting, he swallowed before asking, “Is there anywhere you don’t like to be touched?”

Adam looked thoughtful for a moment, “I don’t think so…”

“You let me know if I do something you don’t like, and I’ll stop.” Nigel told him gently and Adam nodded again.

Despite how tempting it was to ravish the young man against the wall, or throw him down on the sofa, or even the damn floor, Nigel wasn’t going to do that. If this was Adam’s first time, he wanted to make it as special as asking a neighbour to fuck you could be.

So with a gentle tug at Adam’s belt, Nigel started to lead him to the bedroom.

“Don’t be nervous,” Nigel said as he felt Adam shiver.

“I-I’m not. I’m excited.” Adam replied, blushing.

Nigel smiled, pulling Adam into the bedroom and over to his bed, “I am too.”

Adam smiled at that, malleable as Nigel sat down on the bed and positioned Adam in front of him. They were both silent as Nigel undid Adam’s belt and then his fly.

It took a lot to stop himself from pulling Adam’s hard cock from his pants then and there, but he settled for palming at him as he looked up. Adam was looking down at him with wide, eager eyes.

“You know there doesn’t have to be penetration?” Nigel said, gently. “It’s still sex, even if neither of us are inside the other. We can work up to that. We don’t have to-”

“I want to.” Adam cut him off. “I understand, but I want to experience anal sex. I have these DVDs and toys and I-”

Adam seemed a little flustered so Nigel nodded quickly and cut him off. “That’s fine, gorgeous. Just know I’ll stop any time you ask me.”

Adam clenched his jaw and nodded as Nigel refocused his attention on Adam’s crotch.

Slowly, Nigel pulled down Adam’s pants and underwear, pulling them down to his ankles as Adam kicked off his shoes and Nigel helped him step out of the clothes.

Nigel let out a breath at the sight of the perfect, cut and leaking cock before him.

“Can I suck you?” He asked softly.

Adam didn’t answer, he just whimpered and put a hand in Nigel’s hair, tugging him to his crotch. With a light laugh, Nigel took the hint and took Adam’s cock in hand.

Adam gasped then moaned as Nigel gently stroked him and placed the tip of Adam’s cock on the flat of his tongue. He swirled his tongue around the head, savouring and enjoying. It had been a while since he’d had chance to do this, and he missed sucking cock.

Adam’s free hand came to his shoulder, supporting himself as Nigel then wrapped his lips around Adam and began to suck. He worked Adam’s cock with his hand and mouth, feeling the young man harden all the more. With his other hand he gently tugged at Adam’s balls.

“Nigel,” Adam gasped, pushing back a little on Nigel’s hair.

Nigel eased off but didn’t stop, and this seemed to be the correct response as Adam settled once more with Nigel lathing gentle attention on his cock until he finally pulled off completely.

He looked up at Adam, his face red with blush and he was panting. He looked divine.

“Let’s get more comfortable,” Nigel murmured as he stood. He slowly undid the buttons on Adam’s shirt and pushed it off his shoulders. In short work, Adam was naked but for his

socks, and Nigel moved them both so he could lower Adam to the bed.

He settled back into Nigel's pillows, on top of the plain bedspread, his cock standing proud.

Nigel pulled off his own shirt and then went to his cabinet, coming back to the bed with lube and condoms. He threw the condoms on to the bed next to Adam before slicking up his fingers. Very aware that Adam was watching him the whole time.

"Relax for me," Nigel spoke soothingly as he urged Adam's legs apart.

Adam relaxed them, as requested, legs falling open as Nigel crawled between them. He gently took the head of Adam's cock back into his mouth and swirled his tongue once more as he pressed a lubed finger against Adam's hole.

Adam let out a grunt, shaking slightly and clearly straining to stop his legs springing closed on Nigel.

Nigel pulled back for a moment to mutter, "Gonna get you nice and relaxed, darling," before he continued. He started to gently suck, a blow job as gentle as it had been before they got on the bed. A gentleness mirrored by his slick finger pushing in and out of Adam's tight channel.

This went on for long minutes, taking Adam to the edge, feeling him clench, and then pulling back a little, adding another finger.

By the time he let Adam come down his throat, he had three fingers inside him and could feel - once the contractions of his climax faded - how pliant he had become.

Nigel pulled back onto his knees, looking down at Adam's blissed out face as he wiped the back of his arm over his mouth.

"Relaxed now?" Nigel teased, earning him a smile and a slow nod. And then Adam reached out for him.

When their lips met, it was soft and tender. It was Adam that deepened the kiss, as though trying to chase the taste of himself in Nigel's mouth.

Nigel only pulled back when his pants became too constricting to continue. Adam was panting heavily, watching him silently as he started to unzip his fly.

"Can you leave them on?" Adam asked, breathless. Nigel paused and blinked, Adam blushing a little as he added, "I like it. In porn…"

Nigel let out a soft chuckle, "You've got it, gorgeous."

Nigel pushed his pants down just enough to pull his throbbing cock out. He stroked it a few times, very aware that Adam's eyes were laser focused on it as he bit at his lower lip.

"It looks very nice." Adam commented, "I like that you have a foreskin."

Nigel grunted in response, unsure what to say to such a compliment, especially as it made his dick throb all the more.

He picked up the condoms and pulled a packet from the box, and then opened it and started to roll it on, slowing down the action when Adam's hand snaked down to his own dick and started to stroke it back to life.

Looked like Adam was getting fucking hard again, and Nigel was starting to worry that, conversely, he was going to come as soon as he pushed inside the boy.

He slicked his sheathed cock with some lube before moving back over Adam.

Adam's breath hitched and both hands came up to Nigel's chest. He made eye contact as his fingers curled into Nigel's chest hair.

"Ready?" Nigel asked softly.

Adam nodded, then swallowed thickly.

Nigel drew in a shaky breath and moved a hand down to position himself at Adam's slicked hole. They both held their breath as he slowly pushed inside.

As he bottomed out Adam whimpered, his fingers now painfully clutching at Nigel's chest hair and his eyes wide.

"Want me to stop?" Nigel asked, breathless, feeling the way Adam flexed around him.

Adam shook his head vehemently. "It feels good. Better than my fingers, fuller. I like it. A lot." Adam's words came out in a rush and his thighs squeezed against Nigel's side.

Nigel nodded, "Okay. Okay."

He leaned down and began to slowly kiss Adam as he pulled back and then languidly pushed back in. Swallowing Adam's whimpers and moans as he moved gently.

Adam wrapped his arms up around Nigel's neck and Nigel pulled closer, their bodies flush as he continued to rock into Adam.

Nigel broke the kiss to mutter against Adam's mouth, "You feel so good."

"Y-you do too," Adam gasped his reply. "It feels very nice."

Nigel chuckled and kissed Adam again, receiving a hungry response in return before Adam broke away, breathless as he asked "Can you go faster?"

Nigel felt like he was going to spin out of his skin. Of course he could go fucking harder.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," Nigel said again and then pressed his forehead to Adam's, panting as he started to pick up the pace. Adam writhed and moaned, starting to meet each thrust, his fingers digging into Nigel's flesh. Eager and wanting.

He could imagine Adam riding him, almost even suggested they switch positions, but he felt too good buried in his neighbour to stop.

“Nigel,” Adam gasped, “I think I’m going to come again.”

Nigel groaned at that and started to pump his hips all the more, especially when he felt Adam’s hand snake between them and start stroking himself again.

“Nigel, Nigel…” Adam moaned, “So good. I’m, I’m…”

Adam continued to babble as Nigel rocked into him, their bodies almost completely entwined a perfect rhythm built between them.

He could feel the wet head of Adam’s cock against his stomach, slicking his happy trail as they rut together. It was such a fucking turn on, everything about this experience was more than he could ever ask for. He just hoped that it was good for Adam too.

Nigel couldn’t help but want it to be amazing for Adam. Not just because it was his first time, but also because then he might consider doing this again sometime. Nigel hadn’t even come yet and he desperately wanted to be able to do this again.

“N-Nigel, oh god.” Adam shuddered, his arms, legs and asshole tightening around Nigel. He cried out and Nigel felt the wetness against his belly as Adam spilled.

With a grunt, Nigel buried his face in the crook of Adam’s neck and fucked hard and deep a few more times before finally spilling inside him with a groan.

They lay panting together for a few long minutes. Catching their breaths and savouring the moment. When Nigel finally pulled back and looked down at him, Adam was smiling. A goofy, happy, sated smile.

“Was it okay?” Nigel asked.

“I enjoyed it very much,” Adam replied. “I think, I’d, um… can we do it again sometime?”

Nigel moved, Adam’s breath hitching again as Nigel pulled out and removed the condom. He dropped it over the side of the bed and then lay back, pulling Adam into his arms.

“We can do it anytime you like.” Nigel murmured against Adam’s hair.

“I’d like that. I’ve um, I’m very attracted to you.”

Nigel let out a low chuckle, “Same.”

Adam hummed, Nigel feeling Adam’s grin against his chest. Nigel couldn’t help his own smile as Adam murmured against him.

“Maybe later? If you’re not too tired.”

Nigel chuckled.

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